Team Free Will & Sevothtarte And they'd thought Zachariah was bad...

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/145030.html?thread=30911110#t30911110
Apr. 22nd, 2010

"Cut them off." Sevothtarte's voice didn't change. Cold, bored tone that he always had.

Castiel was already bloody, and if looks could kill, Sevothtarte would have been dead. But Dean was restrained by chains and broken legs, and all he could do was hope that Sam was safe.

The only bright spot was that Zachariah was restrained and on the receiving end of Sevothtarte's glare.

"N - now, sir?"

"The vessel needs to see it. Cut them off."

"No, please, just another chance, please," Zachariah was *begging*, and if not for the current circumstances Dean could have laughed at him.

But the terror in his voice, and the fear Dean could see in Castiel's eyes -

There was light as Zachariah's wings manifested, and yes, Dean was relieved that his eyes didn't burn out of his head. He wasn't so relieved when Zachariah began to struggle again, sheer terror forcing bloody limbs to move.

Dean could almost admire the guy for trying, not that it did any good.

"Removing an angel's wings causes pain that is felt by every one of the senses." Sevothtarte could have been talking about the weather, but his eyes were on Dean. "Watch him. If you decide to defy the will of Heaven again, I will do the same to Castiel."

Sevothtarte had a *smile* in his eyes, damn him.

"Bastard," Dean spat, and Sevothtarte straightened, turning. "Bring the vessel to me after it is done," He ordered.

And with that, Sevothtarte swept out of the room.

Belial + Castiel You have such pretty wings

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/145653.html?thread=31042549#t31042549
Apr. 24th, 2010

Castiel was flying, pendant in hand, spiraling over oceans and islands, looking. Air didn't touch him as he flew, not unless he wished it, and as he flew into the night, he wished it.

Cold, salty wind tossed his - Jimmy's - his hair as he hovered over the south oceans, and he gripped the icy cold pendant, pressing the design into his hand.

A moment, and he put it into his pocket, close enough to check, but not to have the cold absence of God burning his skin.

There was another gust of wind, and he turned, knowing it wasn't natural.

"Show yourself," he ordered, tensing.

"As you wish, Castiel - you always could tell it was me, couldn't you?" The air shivered and Belial slid out of a shadow, lifting her hat.

"Leave. I have no dealings with the Fallen."

"I'm just here to visit, Castiel." Belial smiled and half-bowed. "To the one angel with pretty wings that I just couldn't seduce into coming with me." Her tone was half mocking, half serious.

"I do not want to visit." Castiel was guarded, ready to run if he needed to. Belial moved in closer, conjuring a blue rose into her hand.

"You may burn it after I leave, Castiel," she said, placing it in his hand. "But this is my good luck gift, in the hopes that you can find the Creator. In honor of your beautiful wings."

She smiled and flew back, slipping back into the shadows.

It was a full minute until Castiel let the rose drop into the sea, and he put his hand in his pocket.

The amulet was cold.

Crowley & Kurai You should be careful princess

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/147658.html?thread=31549386#t31549386

May. 1st, 2010

Notes: Set during volumes nine and ten of Angel Sanctuary, while Kurai's in Astoreth's domain but before she meets Astarte. Let's pretend Crowley helps out Mammon every now and then.

"A gift for you," Crowley said, stepping back from the bound form, meeting Astoreth's eyes. "Count Mammon sends his regards."

"Tell him I'll be there, after the ceremony." Astoreth stretched over his throne, giving the gift a look over. "Does it bleed?"

"Count Mammon is aware of your tastes, Marquis. Her blood is red, even if her skin is gold."

"Perfect." Crowley bowed his head and began to back out, aware that this was when he was usually ignored. As much as he hated running gifts for the Satans, good favors and items could be earned from this, for both parties.

Astoreth, however, didn't immediately go for the gift. "There's a mouse running free in my domain. Don't step on her on your way out."

Crowley raised an eyebrow, pausing to hear more, but Astoreth was already ignoring him.

Who would be allowed to run free in here?, he wondered as he left. Astoreth never cared for the hunt, and letting things run free was more Belial's style.

Which brought rumors to mind, and an echoing roar, and Crowley stopped, fully able to put two and two together. The bride, the invitations, Abaddon's roar.

Belial's bride was running free, here, and Astoreth knew. Crowley couldn't stop a bothered chuckle at the idea, and he resumed his journey out.

A rustle, the sound of footsteps, and he smiled to himself. "Come out, princess."

One of the long walkways that Astoreth favored was not ideal for hiding, and so it wasn't long before Kurai looked out at him.

"If you are seeking shelter, then I suggest any way except that one. The Marquis is occupied, and does not like to be interrupted."

"I'm looking for Belial." The princess of the evils - he had seen her before, but never met her. She glared up at him, hands on her hips, but Crowley was a demon. He could see and smell and feel fear. The princess was afraid, terribly afraid, and this was a facade.

"Then you should be even more careful, princess." Crowley smiled. "There are bad people about, and snakes."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that you should try the room with stars on handle. If you're lucky she'll keep you alive longer than he would. Go on, princess."

Crowley smiled and kept walking, distancing himself from the fear he could feel. He was a demon, after all.

But Belial would be terribly disappointed if she died here, and Astoreth had never

forbidden him to give her advice.

He wasn't *completely* awful, after all.

"Oh, and princess?" He turned. "Keep your hands on that earring, would you? It'll save your life again, I'd wager." A cheerful smile, and then he was gone.

Belial/Castiel Hot as Hell

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/189397.html?thread=40665557#t40665557

Sep. 27th, 2010**. [Belial/Castiel, S5 AU, PG-13]**

Castiel watches her, back straight and fingers ghosting over his sword, making sure it's still in his pocket. He will never, ever trust this fallen angel, no matter what she does for him.

Not even if he needs her help.

"I came when you called, Castiel," Belial says, wrapped in a black dress and a red silk scarf over her shoulders. Her lips are painted red, for once, and Castiel has to restrain his all-too-human reaction to the temptation she is.

"I need your help," He says, getting straight to the point, not wanting to ask. But he can't survive the trap that he's about to throw himself into for Dean's sake, not without some form of backup.

Belial raises an eyebrow, lips curving in a smile, and Castiel goes on. She hasn't left, she hasn't outright laughed at him. (Though he would bear her laughter, her anything for this favor he is going to beg from her.)

"I won't survive this fight without a miracle." He says, flatly. "And I have no more Grace for miracles." It took too much of his waning strength to get him here, to call her.

"And you want...what? A weapon? A trick?" Belial approaches him, touching his wrist. "Your little knife can do more damage to angels than anything I could bring you."

"You could bring your blade to the battle." Castiel says, forcing his body not to react to her touch. It is difficult.

Belial immediately draws back, as if he had stung her. "You want me to fight for you." She says, her voice low and deadly.

"I will owe you a great favor if I survive." Castiel tells her. "I will pay your price for your service."

It is a careful gamble. He knows that Belial likes him, likes toying with him and his reactions. She enjoys tempting him. He does not want to know what her price will be, but whatever it is, he will pay it if he can survive to fight for Dean another day.

Belial puts her finger to her lips, and when she asks 'Even if I asked for your soul?' Castiel is ready.

"If you will allow me to prevent humanity's demise at Lucifer's hands. Yes."

He can see Belial's mind working furiously, and he waits, silent.

Wordlessly, she slides her silk scarf off her shoulders. "Give me your hands." She orders, after a moment, and he puts his hands out, palms up.

It only takes Belial a moment to tie his wrists tight with her garment, and she smiles.

He could tear the binds off in a moment, with the barest of amount of Grace, but he doesn't. She must see that his plea is sincere.

Another moment passes.

Whatever she sees in his eyes and his bound wrists, she likes.

"I'll fight for you." She says, and her eyes are bright. Her lips are bright red, slightly parted. "I'll make sure you survive this, and I'll help you save humanity. But you'll go into battle with my mark on your neck, and we'll discuss the rest of it later."

Castiel bows his head. If that is the price he must pay for a strong ally in this fight against Heaven and Hell, then he will pay it.

There is the cold touch of her fingers on his chin, and he looks at her.

Belial kisses him, pressing the red on her lips to his.

A shiver of longing goes through him, and he can see her eyes sharpen as she feels it.

Dean, he thinks, might be forced to kill him after they win, to prevent him from letting Belial ease the rest of his Fall.

But it will be worth it.

Gabriel/Jibril my sister, my spouse

http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/166654.html?thread=36097022#t36097022

Jul. 7th, 2010

Butterfly kisses, light and feathery down her belly and thighs, repeated over and over again.

It's how they're caught: Gabriel in love with his twin sister, in love with himself,

spreading touches across her skin as she cries out at his touch.

Gabriel sees bright eyes across the room, and there's panic in his thoughts, and then everything is running together as water clouds his eyes and mouth and Jibril is whispering as he's being swept away:

Make a new life, be safe, don't be Gabriel, I'll survive this and find you

So Gabriel finds himself in salt water, free from Heaven and its judgment and free from the presence of Jibril. Something he never wanted to free himself from.

But here he is, and he knows she was telling him a smart plan, so he looks at land beyond the shores and yes. He will hide.

Butterfly kisses are what he has nightly, and if he wants pale thighs? He has them. He is a God, a Trickster, safe here.

But Jibril hasn't found him, even as he's followed a culture across the seas and back, staying near water always.

It's simple to drown himself in the pleasures of the flesh, and so he does, but no one receives all of his heart, and even his affairs with his pantheon (new human words for their deities) and his affairs with other pantheons are no more than prolonged affairs.

Gabriel is waiting for his wife and sister to find him, even if Loki the Trickster is sleeping his way through every being on earth.

There are times he spends nights alone on the oceans, trying to reach Jibril through her medium, but all he receives are the cold lashes of the ocean splashing him.

He can read the currents, he can navigate the waters, he knows the waters, but he does not have the control that she did, and he knows she cannot read it nearly as well as he can.

Sometimes he is afraid that she escaped Heaven and was lost to the waters being misread.

Other times he plans ways back into Heaven, to find her, but.

She told him to hide, and to wait, and Loki has another grand trick, and he abandons the ocean for another time.

But if Loki keeps a flask of water on him at all times, and is never far from the ocean?

That's Gabriel, that's him waiting for a chance to find her.

Jibril/Gabriel Wild apple

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/190580.html?thread=40959092#t40959092

Oct. 5th, 2010

When Gabriel arrives in Maine to free his trapped brother (nevermind that they argued all they did in the past and even if Raphael tries to kill him now because of what Gabriel is now) he finds Raphael in a vessel that is the complete opposite of what he is in Heaven, and Gabriel chuckles to himself at thought of Raphael without his golden hair.

But then Raphael spots him, and there's so much anger and loss there that Gabriel falters on the snap to summon water for the fire.

"Father is dead," Raphael says, and then, moments later, "She doesn't remember you."

Gabriel finishes the snap. The fire fades away.

Raphael keeps looking at him, and Gabriel knows he wants to hurt him for running, for betraying them all.

"Sevothtarte will be putting her to death soon, and he will claim her element for herself. For her reincarnation's sin of loving her brother."

Gabriel freezes, there's the sound of rushing in his ears, and when he lunges, sword suddenly in hand, Raphael is gone and his vessel is empty and falling down, broken.

Gabriel thinks blindly that he is going to *kill* Raphael and then he will *murder* Sevothtarte and -

He can't.

He can't because that would be the stupidest thing he could ever do in all the time he's been down here and *she promised* to find him.

She *promised* and Jibril never ever broke her promises. If he breaks his promise she might break hers, too, and he can't risk that -

So Gabriel falls to his knees and puts his face in his hands and fails not to weep.

The Other Shadow’s Disdain

https://zekkass.livejournal.com/335520.html

Title: The Other Shadow's Disdain.
Fandom: Angel Sanctuary/Supernatural
Characters/Pairing: Sevothtarte/Zachariah
Rating: PG
Warnings: Spoilers for SPN 5x18, for who Lailah is, and there's angst.
Summary: In the waiting room, after. / Sevothtarte's side of the scene.
Notes: For **ravenspear**, after she stumped me in a meme. And inspired me with her ficlet.

Archivist’s notes: ravenspear’s ficlet is unavailable

When finally something breaks, it is Lailah who stumbles forwards.

It is Sevothtarte who watches her fall to his tool's side, ripping her only remaining guards against the world and its filth from her hands to hold Zachariah in her hands.

He is silent as she wails, and he is silent when he looks to make sure his hands are gloved.

They are, and he gives her one last cold look, grateful for Zachariah for fulfilling one last unintended duty, that of freeing he and Lailah from each other. She will no longer hold his heart in chains, and she will no longer be his weakness.

He's finally as clean and pure and white as he wants to be, and she is there, dirtying herself like the weakling she is, and was.

Sevothtarte turns his back on Lailah then, and walks away, vanishing with white as he returns to his world, leaving her on Earth, leaving her to rot without the protection she gained from Sevothtarte's purity, leaving her to lie with a fallen tool.

(It only takes a moment, when in Heaven, to discard and burn his gloves and memories of Lailah, and then he is completely free. He does not hesitate.)

Belial/Castiel Turn Away from the Sun

https://zekkass.livejournal.com/321089.html#cutid1

Title: Turn Away From the Sun.
Fandom: Supernatural/Angel Sanctuary.
Pairing: Belial/Castiel
Rating: NC-17 for m/f sex, also v. blasphemous.
Word Count: 993 words.
Summary: After Dean and Sam's trip to Heaven in 5x16, Castiel is left to find a way to cope. Belial finds him at night.

Notes: This is the Belial/Castiel fic that I've been talking about writing for weeks now. **~~ravenspear~~**, **nights_fang**, this fic is for you two. And many thanks to **jabber_moose** to helping me through the last bit of it where I was frozen.
If you are unfamiliar with A.S., then all you really need to know is that Belial is a Fallen angel who seduced many other angels on her way down. I'll bet she was trying to seduce Castiel as well, but never succeeded.

Castiel's standing on rocks, watching the ocean roll and crash into the shoreline, watching the sun set on the horizon. He is lost, unable to choose a course of action now, not with anger clouding his thoughts, and not with despair coloring his perceptions. Raphael's words echo in his mind, and he can't help but wish that his Brother was telling the truth, because it would hurt less.

A dead Father is easier to live with than one who doesn't care, after all.

Castiel wants to close his eyes and look away from the ocean, he wants to find God and have everything be understandable again, but no. Nothing has changed, except that he shouldn't look. He should find something else to do to help the Winchesters, to help Dean, to help the world.

His world has changed irrevocably, and nothing has changed.

"Castiel, is that you?"

He turns, feeling another angel and the taint that accompanies all of the fallen. The voice is familiar. "Leave me, Belial."

She is standing before him, as terribly beautiful as ever, and Castiel once again discovers that he can not help but *want*. It is a terrible feeling, and he knows that she can read it on his face.

Belial is wrapped in a velvet cloth, and her lips are bright red. Her lips look wet, and Castiel thought that he had burned away his desire to kiss her lips hundreds of years ago.

"This is new, Castiel." She likes to say his name, he knows she does. She likes to tease him, she likes to play with his emotions. "You're sad. Why?"

She's being gentle, kind, and Castiel knows it's fake. But he can't help but appreciate it, appreciate her company. "Our Father does not care." He tells her, voice bitter. The words sting.

Belial slips up to him, sliding arms around his shoulders. He thinks briefly of forcing her away, but no, he lets her touch him.

"I care, Castiel. I care whether you live or die." She might be telling the truth, and simply knowing that there's a chance she really cares lets him look her in the eyes. Castiel looks, and when she leans in to press her lips to his, he doesn't jerk

back like he has before.

She presses up against him, offering a comfort that he cannot turn away as she kisses him, not letting up for air or a chance for him to regain his will. The ocean is pounding on the shore again, and the sun is nearly gone. Still, as much as Castiel wants to be an immovable object on the shoreline, Belial, like the ocean, wears him down and when the sun slips over the horizon at last she has broken him, has brought forth a sinful moan from his lips.

Castiel raises his hands to her shoulders, and she breaks the kiss at last, lips still bright red.

"Castiel," she murmurs, resting a hand on the back of his neck, and Castiel kisses her, as hard and rough as his anger is, at his Father, at her, at a God who could be so cruel to his people.

Without the sun he feels alone, and without the strength to hide from the terrible emotions within. With Belial working her fingers across her velvet drape and pulling it open, Castiel is neither surprised nor dismayed to see her bare skin under the cloth.

Instead he bows his head and cups her breasts, feeling the soft skin. He dips his head to one and presses his lips to it, thinking of nothing holy, nothing pure.

Yet he is reminded of moments of quiet prayer before a statue on Earth, and moments when he had the clarity of purpose that came before his need for prayer.

There is a bitter satisfaction to devoting his worship to her flawed body, and a bitter joy as she lays herself down on the rocks and he trails kisses down her belly and thighs.

The moon is not rising tonight, and he is broken under the stars as he pulls off his clothing, pulls himself free of the too-heavy burden of being a soldier, a devoted believer in a cruel and capricious God. Belial murmurs and whispers his name like a prayer, and he offers moans as she strokes his cock to hardness.

Finally, when Belial is ready, she spreads her pale legs and invites him to pin her on the rocks and velvet beneath them. Castiel is feeling himself shake, feeling his body need this, and he buries his face in her neck as he enters her.

"Castiel, Castiel," Belial says, winding her hands in his hair and on his arms, and she rolls them both over, pressing him against the rocks as she begins to ride him, taking what he has only just begun to give up.

Castiel sees stars, so he closes his eyes. Castiel hears her voice, so he moans. And he feels terrible pain in his back, in his wings, so he begs her to go faster.

He does not want to think, or feel, but the pleasure welling up in his too-weak flesh cannot be denied, and both he and Belial ride their orgasms as they come.

Distantly he realizes that he can sleep, now, and so he does, falling to the relief of sleep with his name on Belial's lips and his own semen pooling with his blood from his back on the rocks.

(In the morning, when the bright sunlight is painful to see, he has been cleaned by the ocean and Belial is gone. Castiel expects to feel guilt, or hatred at how she used him so obviously, but instead: he is grateful to be alive, to smell the salt and feel the water and to have a second chance in the cleansing water and sun to find himself a duty that he can attend to with the clarity he once had.)

Zach and Cas bond over their sad, twisted relationships

http://community.livejournal.com/spn_saywut/6919.html?thread=82183#t82183

Zach is sufficiently drunk to let down his guard, and that's when Stuart's night get a lot more interesting. Castiel is still giving his glass mournful looks, but Zach has moved beyond complaining about his job, and no, Stuart still has no idea what he and his co-worker do for a living. Something about deals and results, yeah, but they could be head hunters for all he knows. Still, they're good drinking buddies, and that's what counts.

"Prob'ly shouldn't be telling you this..." Zach's slurring his words, but his eyes are as alert as ever, and Stuart knows he'll have to swear not to tell anyone about this later. As it is he's glad he's trusted enough for this. "Not about her."

"Women," Stuart says, and Zach nods to him.

"Beastly things. They - they tempt you and disappear and show up when you can't even hope to have her..."

Castiel's listening, watching now, and even pleasantly buzzed Stuart can see the strange clarity in Castiel's eyes.

"I, too, have been there." Castiel says, and he pulls his drink closer, protectively. "She left me for the great bastard and she still sends roses every year."

"Mine didn't even have the decency to fall, Castiel." Zach waves the bartender over for another glass. "Just changed her name and face and." Abruptly he shuts up while his drink is filled, and Stuart can only guess at how bad the wedding was, if she changed her name *and* appearance.

Both of them are quiet, and Stuart is really regretting his choice of 'What is Love' by Haddaway on the jukebox right now, as they both look so miserable it's a wonder they don't drown themselves in their drinks right now.

So he tries to gently break into the conversation.

"Workplace relationships are tough, huh?" He asks, and the twin glances he gets, both oddly coherent after that much alcohol unnerves him. He straightens his tie and goes on. "Hard to keep a working relationship going in that environment, let

alone any romantic stuff, right?"

"Right." Zach's voice is crisply annoyed, and Stuart wonders what he did wrong, and where his slur went. "I don't think you understand, Stuart."

"No, no, probably not." Stuart backpedals. "I met Lou while birding, you know. No experience in workplace relationships or anything like that."

Castiel nods. "But you will have that experience." And the glance he shares with Zach is weird, like they can see the future, but they've always been weird.

Stuart just laughs nervously and gets another glass of alcohol, and soon the conversation has faded back into idle talk of small things.

Author's Notes: [there's the cheesy background music, just youtube search it. Also in my headcanon Stuart plays golf and goes birdwatching on vacation days. And he thinks the first drink with Zach ended in him getting overly drunk and passing out in the bar. Weird, but explainable. Zach fixed him, the bar and the bartender 'cause he discovered he liked the place. And in this AU God brought him back after S5 along with the other dead angels. yay for too much plotting!]

Nick!Lucifer + AS!Michael "Okay, that's it, you asshole!"

http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/153472.html?thread=32601728#t32601728

Oct. 5th, 2010

Michael completely ignored the humans and angel who were facing down the false-Lucifer at the moment. He had bigger fish to fry, so to speak, and so landed with his sword drawn in front of the false-Lucifer.

He could see how that vessel was already falling apart, and Michael himself would probably get yelled at later for not obtaining a vessel properly to be down here, but - never mind if his presence without a vessel to mask it would harm humans with time!

"So you're the fool who's pretending to be *him*," Michael said, voice bright and barely hiding furious anger. "Who put you up to it?"

"Who the hell are you?" One of the humans is trying to interfere, but before Michael bothers to acknowledge him he can feel the other angel (weak as he is) silencing the human. Smart angel, whoever he is. He'd be even smarter if he made them leave.

This false-Lucifer isn't answering, so Michael lets some flames start building, as either way he'll release them soon. This isn't his brother, this isn't the real Lucifer. He knows that much.

Whoever it is, he opens his mouth to speak and says, "The world is to end, sooner rather than later, as decreed by Lord Rosiel." And Michael can feel his control over his temper going.

"That *bastard* has you impersonating my BROTHER to screw with the High Council?" Michael's voice is raising, as is the heat in the room, and the not-Lucifer has a twinge of fear in his eyes.

Yeah, he'd better be scared. Michael's going to run him through, set him on fire, *then* let him die. Then he'll go find that bastard Rosiel and do the same to him.

Because he'll be damned if anyone smears his brother's name any further than it's already smeared and he'll be damned even further if he doesn't get a chance to destroy his brother for *himself*.

He can hear the humans: "Cas, what the hell is going on? Who is that?" And the angel: "Dean, we need to leave now." "Like hell we're leaving! I need answers!" "I'm not giving you a choice, Dean," and there's the smart angel, getting himself and his humans away from here.

He can hear the not-Lucifer: "I am obeying orders from Lord Rosiel himself, and you don't have the authority to counteract those orders," but he's just trying to buy time to flee.

Michael gives him a terrible, furious look and runs him through.

"No one messes with me *or* my brother without my permission." Michael says, and he's restraining his anger, saving it for the real worm in this mess: Rosiel.

He'll deal with him soon, that's for sure.

Belial/Castiel the fall doesn’t hurt, just the landing

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/191294.html?thread=41192766#t41192766

Belial is there when he finishes falling, and she's there the first time he bleeds and discovers that he cannot heal it without band-aids and time.

She is there, whispering promises of a return to some semblance of what he used to be, of a return to power and hey, he's already fallen to being human, so what's wrong with being a fallen angel?

She leaves deep and and bloody scratches down his back the third time they have sex, and they take a week to heal. He might have scars; he can't tell.

He avoids Dean, and Sam, and discovers that he needs money to drink. Belial provides money without asking, and he hates himself for accepting it.

He's not drunk the day she makes her offer and he says yes.

His mind is bright and sharp and he is considering another sin, that of self-destruction, because he cannot bear this any longer.

Belial offers him a way out.

He takes it. He will not serve in Heaven, he will not suffer on Earth, and he will not rule in Hell, but he will serve Belial, and if that makes it hurt less...

Castiel says yes and the first breath of borrowed power leaves him feeling more alive than he has since he first came to Earth.

Sevothtarte(/Zachariah), Dean

http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/191294.html?thread=41205310#t41205310

Oct. 6th 2010

He is the cleanest man Dean has ever seen in his life, from the spotless white shoes to the perfectly folded suit to his neatly trimmed hair.

Dean is tense, watching this man (it can't be a man, it's probably a demon or angel or something equally dangerous) watch him from across the diner. Nothing, no-one is moving. Time has stopped, Dean thinks, and he's reminded of what Gabriel pulled, when he was being a Trickster, but he's getting completely different vibes here from the man he *knows* is responsible for this.

He thinks that the man's white hair has been squared, it's that neat. If Dean didn't know better he'd say that he's staring down a robot pretending to be human, even if it is wearing a scarf that completely covers its mouth and white gloves. It's almost laughable when he realizes that this robot (or angel or demon) looks something like a frozen-in-the-artic-till-he-was-blue George Lucas, but not many monsters care about picking good looking vessels.

Dean gets up from the booth, slowly, disturbed that Sam's mouth is still open, and that Cas is still leaning in to listen, hand halfway to the plate of fries.

It is deadly quiet, except when Dean's shoes creak on the floor, and the quiet rustle when the man puts down the newspaper he had been holding. (Dean gets the feeling he hadn't read it all, though.)

"I congratulate you on surviving this long, Dean Winchester," the man says, in clean clipped tones.

There is so much veiled hatred in his tone that Dean almost flinches.

"Jesus, did I piss in your drink or something, pal?" Dean says, and okay, yeah, not the smartest thing to say to something that can stop time entirely even for Cas, but, jesus the guy sounded angry.

"While I cannot kill you," the man says, ignoring the comment, "I have felt it prudent to inform you that the angel traveling with you will die. The chosen

method of his execution is this: he will be hunted by hellhounds, and he will be torn apart. If he survives their attack, despite his anchoring to that vessel, he will be returned to Heaven and his wings will be removed. That is all."

Dean's blood runs cold. "What do you have against Cas?" Is what he says, although he should probably be trying to kill this angel or *something* to protect Cas, but that's what he says.

"I personally bear Castiel no ill-will, Dean Winchester, but you..." the angel's voice fades for a moment. "You have engineered the death of a tool who served me well, and you have defied the will of Heaven for too long."

Dean thinks back. Who's the last angel he killed? Wait. Yeah. "You mean that bastard Zachariah?" He says, nervous bravado taking over. "He was a total asshole, and you should be *glad* he's dead, or what, do all dicks in Heaven care for the other dicks?"

He sees something in the man's eyes go colder than they already were, and how was that possible?

"Zachariah was a well-made tool," the angel says, and he's completely unreadable now, "And you are lucky that you are a vessel. I believe my plans have changed, however, for when Castiel survives the attack from the hellhounds, you will be present when his wings are removed, and then I will show you how ill-equipped Hell is for the art of torture. You will not have the chance to kill another one of my tools."

"Careful there, buddy, it sounds like you liked him," Dean quips, but his heart is racing and his mouth is dry.

"The hounds will be released after you finish your breakfast, Dean Winchester. It will not be long after that." the angel says, and vanishes.

Time restarts with a jolt, and both Cas and Sam jump to see him standing next to the table.

Everything around him sounds normal. Everything looks normal.

But, and oh god, but Dean knows that he wasn't seeing a hallucination, and minutes (*minutes*) later he hears the long howls of hellhounds.

[notes: Sevothtarte had to take a vessel for this, no, it wasn't George Lucas. And maybe Dean gets an emergency save from Gabriel or Crowley or something, but that's for a different fic to address.]

Belial & Castiel – She was a healer once

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/191999.html?thread=41334527#t41334527

Oct 8th 2010

Mending wings and other limbs had been as easy as breathing, once upon a time. Belial had known how to use her own Grace to soothe and repair, and how to keep pain from the mind while she worked.

But when you turn your back on Heaven, you make sacrifices, and the loss of Father and Family is but one of those sacrifices. She had lost her purity long before her Fall, but she had always known how to heal and mend bodies and minds, up until her wings had blackened and Heaven had been barred to her.

Other Fallen had remembered that she was a healer in Heaven, and they had asked for her services, but when she tried to use what she had learned, her Grace (blackened as it was) would not behave, and she would do more harm than good. (Some certain Fallen despise her to this day for accidentally killing loved ones who might have made it, if not for her broken knowledge.)

When Castiel shows his wings to her and lets her taste him and touch in all those ways he would try to deny, she can see old injuries and new injuries, asking her to mend them. They ache, she knows they ache and itch and hurt him in numerous small ways, and as much as she wants to heal him (to tighten his connection to her that much more, she justifies it to herself) she has to stop herself from trying to use what he knows worked, once upon a time.

She almost hates Castiel for that, for unintentionally hurting her old wounds, but she's a Fallen angel and has dealt with other Fallen for years and years and years - she can manage hatred and attraction and all the emotions Castiel evokes in her like a skilled juggler.

(It as easy as breathing, these days, and as easy as healing used to be, back then.)

Gabriel/Belial temptation

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/155462.html?thread=33426502#t33426502

Oct. 9th, 2010 06:28 am (UTC)

Gabriel wants to laugh when he meets her. She's not the angel he's waiting for, and he's not the angel she wants, so they accept each other's half-hearted advances and fall into bed like they were made for each other.

Gabriel finds that she likes to tie him down and drive him to the edge, almost to where he'll beg, and she'll kiss him then and let him slide back off that edge before riding him hard and fast until he comes.

Belial finds that she likes to let him hold her, afterwards, sometimes. She doesn't make fun of it, and closes her eyes and tries to imagine herself liking this from

anyone, anyone at all. It's comfortable, but she doesn't want it, not in any of her normal relationships.

(She's all sharp edges and hidden fragility; he's all soft and sweet with hidden hard and stubborn edges.)

(He didn't even need to pretend that he's anyone except who he is, and she knows he appreciates that.)

Gabriel bites his way through sex, and Belial bites back, and sometimes they draw blood, but it's okay if they hurt each other. They're equally stand-ins for someone else, after all.

(When the affair ends, it ends with a fight where he tries to drown her and she tries to cut him open and neither one wins as he vanishes abruptly and as she lies in his bathtub and laughs until she almost cries.)

Days later she finds Castiel, and days later he lets himself be unveiled by the Winchesters as who he really truly is.

Somehow, someway, they time it perfectly so he never visits Castiel when Belial is there.

(Blue roses appear in Castiel's hand one time, much to his surprise, and when Belial arrives she smiles, sharp as a razor, and leaves Castiel with bruises when she takes him to bed.)

Belial/Dean – Castiel is gone, they remain

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/191294.html?thread=41192510#t41192510
Oct. 9th, 2010

Dean is *all wrong* and Belial thinks she hates him, at least a little bit.

She's gagged him with a blue tie (shut up she wants Castiel, he's so much more fun to play with) and even if he can't speak, he can waggle his eyebrows and drive her to consider the merits of breath-play and blood-play while she has him tied up.

Castiel's in Heaven, god she hates him for that, for being able to come so close to Falling and still to be able to go *home*, but Dean. Dean is here, alive, and she is going to make him regret that.

Or fuck him senseless. She's still deciding.

Dean rolls his hips, watching her, and she puts her hands on his shoulders and begins to *move*, causing him to shudder and moan behind the gag, and she moans as he rocks up into her. They fit together like this remarkably well, which makes it better, but either way she's dropping him like a dirty rag the second Castiel gets back.

(Dean doesn't, won't, *can't* love her, and she so desperately wants to deny him her love that it almost hurts when he laughs, happy despite her disdain.)

Nick!Lucifer/Alexiel!Dean; she really hasn't changed very much at all.

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/194563.html?thread=41800195#t41800195

Oct. 22nd, 2010 07:07 am (UTC)

He's surprised to see how she fits her vessel perfectly, this time. The ruthless warrior can be seen clearly, without the long hair and beautiful hands.

He has seen Dean Winchester before, all young fire and pure stubbornness, but it is only now, when Alexiel is wearing him that he sees why Dean Winchester was the vessel. (Beyond the bloodline and family situation, he was afraid that he was going to see his Michael dressed in, well, a stubborn fool of a human.)

(Alexiel, he feels, could wear the shape of a baboon and come off as menacing and perfectly herself.)

"Am I going to be chastised for this little play on Assiah, Alexiel?" He asks, spreading his hands. "Or should we wait for your sword to have his turn?"

Alexiel quirks an eyebrow then, and shakes her head. "I wouldn't dream of stopping you, Lucifer."

(She knows what it is for siblings to fight, and to fight large scale wars.)

"Alexiel," He begins, and he might be brought low for this, but she has never been one to accept minced words from anyone. "Are you attempting to watch our fight to find a solution for your own?"

"And if I am?"

He smiles. "I would be honored to have you as a witness, my Lady."

He may have once been brightest in the Heavens, but even he bows before Alexiel and her twin, from their mirror Heavens, Hells, Earths.

"Your fight will be delayed, but not by long." Lucifer suddenly knows what she will ask. "Where is he?"

"I crave a boon for his location." It is the best and worst time to ask, to stand between her and her twin.

"Name it."

"A small amount of your blood," Lucifer says, and feels Nick whisper a protest. (Nick has no voice for louder ones, and often has no voice at all, but even Lucifer

can be benevolent at times. Who is he to deny his vessel a glimpse of Alexiel?)

Alexiel, he can see, has figured out why he wants it. "The taste of demons is too foul for you, Lucifer?" She's already cutting her wrist, drawing blood, and he now has a bowl for it to spill into.

"This vessel does not need to die, Alexiel." He says. "And I can no longer devote time to keeping him intact. You could say that I owe him, for carrying me this far."

"I understand." Her cut heals, and he has her blood. "Tell me where he is."

He shows her, and she is gone.

"This will carry you to my departure, Nick," He whispers, knowing his vessel knows every word. "And further, if I know her blood. And I do."

Nick still whispers a protest, but can do nothing as Lucifer brings the bowl to his lips, and then they are both tasting the power of that other Heaven.

[notes: I'm trying a few new ideas in this. a) Mirror universes, created by either the same God or by two, I'm not sure. (If we do more brother/brother twins here with God, I think that deserves amazing fic. Because Chuck/A.S. God = intriguing.) b) Time is fluid between both universes, so Alexiel is both from the future (aka in your Alexiel!Dean fic) and from the past (before concluding anything with Rosiel) and as such only angels can comprehend each other. c) Both universes are aware of each other, but it's a general policy of non interference. Until, say, armageddon on both ends, and then we have our crossovers. d) Finally, I can and will ditch all of this for other fic, because the meshed universes is excellent for Gabriel/Jibril and Sevothtarte/Zachariah fic and others. Either way it's yet another way to cross them. Yes I over plot and over think things.]

Sevothtarte; what must be done.

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/153630.html?thread=32668958#t32668958

Oct. 23rd, 2010 05:59 am (UTC)

[Note: Set during 4x20, when Castiel was retrieved back to Heaven. Contains Sevothtarte being nasty, as usual. And yes. I know you were trying to avoid beating up Castiel for a bit, but I never held myself to any such thing. :P]

His gloves are splattered with blood, and he will burn them soon, quickly. Before the blood soaks in, and stains *him*.

He doesn't like to take direct action, not when any good pawn will do, but some tasks must be accomplished in person. Especially this little angel, who has been placed in such an important position, and who has been defying the will of his superiors.

He rips the gloves from his hands and burns them, donning a new pair as quickly as he can, giving Castiel a moment to recover.

Angels heal quickly, if their wings are intact and they are left to it. Sevothtarte has calculated the exact speed that angels heal at, once he had the time to compare the footage of tortures he wasn't at and confirm it with his own hands.

Thrones heal at different speeds from Cherubim, and so on, down to how strong an angel is, and how potent the injury is. Sevothtarte has also learned to account for individual variations.

Castiel heals slowly, for an angel of his rank. He is fragile, in that respect, and so Sevothtarte takes his time in selecting his next blade.

It takes fully two minutes before he turns back to Castiel, and he watches the last of the cuts seal themselves up. He supposes that this slowness in healing is not Castiel's only flaw, and he suspects that Castiel's personal variations would place him at the lower end of angels of his rank.

Castiel does have one strength, Sevothtarte knows, and this is it: his speed. Castiel reached the Righteous Man in Hell first, and his garrison covered his descent and ascent.

Sevothtarte decides that he will complete this punishment with a suitably fitting wound.

He stokes the fire, putting his blade away, and selects a long iron poker, heating it in the fire. Castiel's eyes are on it, and Sevothtarte can see the fear in his eyes.

Sevothtarte smiles, beneath his mask, and sears the joints of Castiel's wings, drawing out a ragged scream. He stops each burn just short of permanent injury, and repeats until Castiel's wings are injured enough so that it will take him days to heal back to full strength, and it will be months before he can use them without pain.

(Sevothtarte has had time to calculate this time, after all.)

The poker is discarded, at last, and Castiel is left to shake with pain as Sevothtarte leaves to inform Zachariah that his subordinate can return to Earth, and to his assignment.

Belial/Gabriel You wear my namesake better than I do

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/148234.html?thread=31588106#t31588106

Oct. 23rd, 2010 11:08 am (UTC)

[note: It took me research and some lore finding, but Beliar / Beliel / Belial was said to have once been an angel of vengeance, like Gabriel (and several other angels.) >:] So now I can write this.

Also, as always when I wind up writing Gabriel in these crossovers, he and Jibril are twin siblings who cared deeply for each other. He was made to escape Heaven, though, and Jibril was trapped behind.

And that's all you need for the story. Pardon for the excessive notes again. >.>;;]

Their chance meeting happens on a sidewalk, where he is perched in one of the chairs on a little sidewalk cafe. She is exploring Earth, seeing how it is before the final days begin, if they are indeed the final days.

She stops, stops and turns to see him, for she needs no voice or appearance to know that he is Gabriel, one of her kind, once upon a time when she was bright and glorious to behold.

Their eyes meet. He sets his drink on the table and tilts his head to the chair across from his.

It's an open invitation, and she knows better than to refuse, and it is with a gracious smile that she takes her seat.

"I wasn't expecting you to be up here, kiddo." Gabriel is watching her, and she can see an odd taint of gold in his eyes, beyond the color that she knows is angelic.

"What should I call you?" She asks, thinking of a pale watery blue she should be seeing. Jibril is still trapped in Heaven, and she thinks that she shouldn't name him Gabriel, not here.

"The humans have named me a Trickster." He appreciates her tact, she can see his thanks. "And you?"

She appreciates his tact, as well. He remembered that she let only one call her by her proper name, and he isn't it. "A Mad Hatter." She lifts her hand, bowing her head.

The Trickster Gabriel laughs, and waves a hand. "That's good of you, well chosen. Now - " He sits up, eyes suddenly pinned to a man across the street. "See him? Yes? I'm going to share a secret about him now."

Belial watches, attentive, always happy to be in on the secret. "I'm listening."

"He is the editor of a respected medical journal here, and he deliberately misspells the names of doctors who contribute articles to his journal. Not all of them, just the ones he doesn't like. He even switches their photos around sometimes." He leans back, crossing his legs, snapping his fingers. "Car accident. He lives, makes it to the hospital. Some nurse is going to make a mistake, misspell something on his chart. He'll be given a medicine he's highly allergic to." He spreads his hands, looking at her, eyes bright with the delight of a joke well told.

She looks back, and remembers her original duties, clean and clear-cut, with no fun in the punishment, just a clear and delirious joy to be doing service for a Father she had not yet learned to despise. She remembers her siblings acting

with her, sharing the same joy at duty, and she remembers how not once did they laugh. Not once did their mouths quirk with grins, or with the devious pleasure of a punishment found for a target who well-deserved it.

There's the sound of squealing brakes, and then a crunch and a scream.

Belial tips back her head, and laughs. "You," She breathes in, and out. "Brother, you hold to what we were so much better than any of the rest of us do."

He winks at her, and grins. "That's because I'm allowed fun at it now, o sister mine, and we both know it."

"Yes," She says. "Yes, I know."

He- Gabriel- Trickster, looks away from her then to dig into his pockets, and she marvels again at the path he found, and how well it suits him.

When his eyes meet hers again, and he presses a chocolate bar into her hand, she takes it.

She whispers: "I offer a single act of aid to you or your sister, when you or her need it."

She sees, for a mere moment, the pale watery blue she was expecting.

He doesn't answer. She doesn't expect one.

But when she looks at his gift of chocolate, the wrapper is covered in drawings of blue roses.

Lucifer/Castiel/Belial

http://community.livejournal.com/comment_fic/190580.html?thread=40964468#t40964468

Oct. 27th, 2010 10:04 pm (UTC)

Supernatural/Angel Sanctuary, Lucifer/Castiel/Belial, NC-17

it's the only way she can get close to Lucifer without losing her love for him

Castiel can't look at her. Even if she isn't looking at him, or trying to draw him to her, he can't look at her. He can't, or he'll *want* her, and with Lucifer's power tangled up in his soul he knows that Lucifer will know.

"My liege," Belial says, and Castiel feels a tingle run up his spine. God forgive him, he still wants her. God forgive him, he's alive by Lucifer's whim and he is here tonight because Lucifer called. (He never needed Dean to Fall, not really. He just needed Dean to get him started, and whore-houses or not, learning to drink or not, he would have finished the journey on his own.)

Castiel keeps his eyes somewhere to Lucifer's left, not listening to Belial's words, focusing on preventing her voice from affecting him.

Lucifer raises his hand, and Belial falls silent. "Castiel," says the Devil, and Castiel looks at him. He feels fear curl within him, as there's that intense curiosity in Lucifer's eyes. It's a look Castiel knows well, as while he can't explain it, Lucifer finds him to be endlessly fascinating.

Castiel does not like being the object of scrutiny, especially when Belial is studying him as well. It makes him uncomfortable, and he suspects that if he were prone to it, he would fidget.

"He wants you, dear." Lucifer tells Belial. "Very much so."

"I never touched him; He's yours." Belial defends herself, and Castiel doesn't want this to be their subject of discussion. Not here. He can feel Lucifer looking into him, confirming this, showing Castiel's own want to him.

"I know it's there." Castiel says, lifting his chin to Lucifer. "I don't need it pointed out."

Lucifer smiles. Castiel hates that smile. It usually means that something he won't like is about to happen.

He's proven right when Lucifer twists his hand and Castiel's clothes vanish.

"Belial," Lucifer says, circling to stand behind him, putting his hands on Castiel's shoulders. "Give him what he wants."

Belial's eyes are wide, and she has a clear interest, and Castiel can't look away. He's thinking desperate thoughts as he knows that he will break under this, with Lucifer standing firm behind him, with Belial reaching to touch Castiel's chin, with Belial dropping a hand to run fingers up his unhidden arousal.

(It doesn't become any easier when Castiel realizes that she's Lucifer's as much as he is, bound in a different way.)

Castiel steadies himself, steeling himself against this. He won't let them break him, he won't let her break him. Lucifer may own him, but he...he still has dignity. He won't beg.

He wants to. He moans when she traces designs on his skin, and bites his lips. (She won't kiss him, he knows, not here like this.)

Lucifer's hands have slid down to his waist, and Castiel can feel the chill there holding him steady.

It's almost comforting, up until Belial has spread his legs with gentle touches and Lucifer abruptly drags Castiel down into his lap. (When did Lucifer get a chair, or lower his pants, or - Castiel doesn't know, can't know.) Lucifer isn't gentle, isn't gentle at all when he forces Castiel open and pins him down.

Castiel cries out, arching as Lucifer fills him, mouth open. He's never far from breaking, not like this, and Lucifer knows how to hold him just so, and if Castiel is reduced by this - he has no defense, not like this.

"Now give him what he wants," Lucifer says, speaking past Castiel's ear. "You whore."

Belial's clothes are gone, and she slides her hands past Castiel's thighs. "Tell me more," She murmurs, nearly shaking with a desire that Castiel doesn't understand. He can *feel* Lucifer's hatred of her bubbling up through their connection, and he can feel Lucifer push his hips up a fraction more to make Castiel twist with a groan.

Lucifer whispers "Filth, don't touch me," as she spreads her legs and lowers herself onto Castiel's cock. She doesn't let herself touch Lucifer as she holds onto Castiel, digging her nails in, drawing blood, and Lucifer pulls Castiel's wrists back, making him helpless.

Castiel is lost, whimpering, rocking between them both, pressing first to Belial's smooth chest and then back to Lucifer. His eyes close, and Lucifer thrusts forward, causing Castiel to slip deeper into Belial. This is how Castiel discovers that he likes the sounds Belial makes, he likes how she pants, and he likes how she holds onto his shoulders.

"My lord," Belial manages, pushing forward against Castiel. "I want only you."

"I despise you." Lucifer answers, and both Castiel and Belial shudder at that. Castiel can feel the almost corrosive hate, he can feel how Lucifer's ever-present chill has frozen further. Castiel can feel Belial bite his lips again, drawing blood and moving faster as she does so.

(Castiel's wrists are still held in Lucifer's hands, and they are beginning to burn in his grip.)

Castiel fractures. "Please - " He sobs once, unable not to, and begs for more.

He's answered with cold laughter and teeth on his neck as Lucifer gives him more, and he's answered with Belial pushing him in deep, and giving him a gentle, chaste kiss.

Castiel breaks, coming hard, writhing in their holds as he rides it out, and Belial comes when she meets Lucifer's eyes and discovers that pure hatred again.

Lucifer lets go of Castiel's wrists and holds onto his hips instead, thrusting faster, coming with a deep groan.

Belial slips off of Castiel first, dressing and vanishing when Lucifer gives her a look, and then Lucifer lifts Castiel off of him, putting him on his feet. It takes a moment for Castiel to figure out that he can support his weight, and then Lucifer

is no longer there, gone.

Castiel shudders briefly, still feeling the traces of his come and Lucifer's come and more on him, but most of all - most of all Castiel feels a cold burn where Lucifer was touching him.

There's ice on his wrists, after all.

Uriel/Belial

Supernatural/Angel Sanctuary, Uriel/Belial, NC-17, fem-dom, emo-kink, restraints
(New Uriel headcanon, get!)

He supposes he should hate her. It'd be easy to, he thinks. She's ruined much of him already. He's lost status due to her, lost favor...lost his own sense of pride in himself.

Uriel doesn't hate her. He should. But he doesn't.

She's not that easy to hate.

Their last* encounter:

Uriel on his back, legs open, hands bound above his head. Belial astride him, opened to him, the one in control.

He loves her, he does. He'd do anything for her. He's done everything for her. (Destroy those cities for me, the ones I had fun at, won't you dear? Pretty please?)

Belial moves, and he reacts, follows her movements, but this time: he's changed, hurt by her already. He's been in this place before, agreed to do things for her, done them. He whispers words that he doesn't mean, not anymore. They both know it, and she knows that she's done with him.

(She always discards shells when she's done with them.)

Belial moves, puts fingers in his mouth to silence him, and when she looks at him they don't care about each other. It's physical only, now.

Yet. Physical is still something large in Uriel's head, large in his mind: she introduced him to physical pleasure, she taught him everything he will ever know about sex. (Uriel understands Lucifer's contempt for humanity now, hates humans himself now - this is what they must do to survive as a species, they must weaken themselves to go through this, they are helpless due to this....and emotions only make it worse, he's seen that firsthand.)

Uriel can't stop himself from whining as she moves, and makes himself growl soon after, because she has stopped, and he does not want the pace to be set by her.

It's too late for that, and he licks at her fingers when she quirks them, and hates himself for it.

Belial pulls her fingers free and kisses him, doesn't leave a mark (he'd kill her if she did,

kill himself soon afterwards, but she isn't so obvious) and pulls free from him, slides down his body and now, now he feels it - the touch of her lips, the stain of her mark upon his skin, on his inner thigh.

He can hide it, no one will ever see it, he knows that. He will allow no other angel to get so close to him as that.

He feels Belial's smile, and her tongue on him, and comes, but that's it - it is only physical.

He reminds himself of that.

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*last being taken to mean last encounter of any value, any meetings after that (there were a few) were simply conversations, strictly business, nothing that changed either of them

Gabriel/Belial silliness

https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/167090.html?thread=36285106#t36285106

May. 5th, 2011 06:25 pm (UTC)

PG-13, Gabriel/Belial, silliness

He's tracing her tattoos with his fingertips when she hears the sound of a cap being removed.

"What are you doing?" She asks, running a finger down his leg.

"Coloring this in."

"What?" At this Belial sits up, or tries to - there is a firm hand pinning her to the bed, and when she looks she can see blue and green and purple decorating the wings of her butterfly.

He's changing markers again and now there's yellow, and Belial watches as he finishes, capping the magic marker and tossing it away.

"Gabriel," she says.

"It's washable," Gabriel says.

Belial can only sigh and pull him in for a kiss.